

Hells Angels?

by Thomas

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Summary: The Fashion Club experience eating disorders.

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>By Thomas

>This is version two. Thanks to Steve Brown for helping me with my grammar.

>
(Daria's dream. Daria is laying in bed with someone)

>
Daria: Oh, Trent, to think we finally got together.

>
Tom: I'm not Trent. I'm Tom.

>
Daria: Tom?! But we can't be together. You're Jane's boyfriend.

>
Tom: Come on, Daria. You've wanted this to happen since the parade.

>
Daria: But there can't be anything between us. I'd lose Jane's friendship.

>
Tom: Losing your friendship is the least of your worries.

>
(The door opens. Jane comes in)

>
Jane: Daria, how could you do this to me?!

>
Daria: Wait. I can explain!

>
Tom: That's a good one. How will you possibly explain this?

>
Jane: (Points a gun at Daria) Die, Daria, die.

>
(Daria wakes up)

>
Daria: AAAAAAAH!!

>

>(Quinn's dream. Quinn is in Stacy's room. Stacy is inside her closet)

>Quinn: So what was it you wanted me to see about?

>Stacy: I went to Dr. Shar to get plastic surgery.

>Quinn: Oh, you got a new nose!

>Stacy: No, actually I got a complete facial reconstruction.

>Quinn: I see. (pause) So who do you look like?

>Stacy: (Emerges from the closet with Quinn's face) Who do you want me to look like?

>(Quinn wakes up)

>Quinn: AAAAAAAH!!

>(Quinn sits and shivers for a moment. The door opens. Daria comes in)

>Daria: Could you keep it down? I'm trying to sleep.

>Quinn: I... I had a terrible nightmare.

>Daria: You too? It's gotta be that maritime pizza dad made. I thought it tasted funny.

>Quinn: Are you saying dad gave us food poisoning?

>Daria: Had to happen someday.

>Quinn: What was your nightmare about?

>Daria: Uhm. One of my books was missing. And you?

>Quinn: Uhm. I went to school wearing green lipstick.

>Daria: Sounds scary. I wonder if mom and dad are also having nightmares.

>
(Helen and Jake's bedroom. Jake is sleeping like a baby. Helen is tossing and turning. Quinn and Daria walk in quietly)

>
Helen: (In her sleep) My phone is alive. I can't litigate.

>
Daria: Now that's what I call a nightmare.

>
Quinn: Should we, like, do something?

>
Daria: (Considers this) We could get dad's camcorder.

>

>(Later that night in the living room. Quinn and Daria are sitting on the couch. The camcorder is sitting on the table)

>Daria: There's a Buffy rerun in 15 minutes.

>Quinn: Good. I really don't feel like going to sleep again anytime soon.

>Daria: Me neither. Today's going to be a looong day as it is.

>(Quinn takes out a piece of chewing gum, and sticks it in her mouth)

>Daria: Give a piece.

>Quinn: Uhm, sorry it was the last one.

>Daria: I saw the package was half full. Since when have you gotten this cheap?

>Quinn: You wouldn't like it. It's a special flavor.

>(Daria looks at Quinn for a moment. Then she grabs her and forces her right arm behind her back)

>Quinn: Stop it, stop it! You're hurting me.

>Daria: Open your hand. (she doesn't so Daria twists a little bit more) I said open it.

>Quinn: Okay, okay!

>Daria: (Takes the package and examines it) Diet gum? But it's just gum.

>Quinn: (Massaging the pain out of her arm) Ouch. Of course it's gum. Now give it back.

>Daria: (Hands the gum back) For a moment back there I thought you might be doing drugs.

>Quinn: Me? Drugs? Don't be ridiculous.

>Daria: What is that stuff anyway?

>Quinn: It's my new diet.

>Daria: Gum?

>Quinn: The idea is that you skip meals and eat gum instead. The gum contains a substance that stops you from feeling hungry. (1)

>Daria: Since I see you at breakfast and dinner, I take it that the

meal you are skipping is your school lunch. How much did you pay for it, and when did you buy it?

>Quinn: Uhm, 30 dollars. I've been using it for four days.

>Daria: You spent 30 dollars to buy gum?!

>Quinn: I was shopping with the Fashion Club. And we stumbled upon it. It sounded like an easy way to lose weight.

>Daria: And did it occur to you that if such a thing as an easy way to lose weight actually existed, there might not be so many fat people around? So I guess it doesn't work, huh?

>Quinn: How would you know?

>Daria: Because the only substances I know of that would stop you from feeling hungry just like that (snaps fingers) are things like amphetamine and heroin.

>(Quinn spits her gum out like it's poisonous)

>Daria: Don't worry. It'd have cost you more than 30 dollars if it had been laced with drugs. Well, I can't wait to tell Jane about this -- she owes me money.

>Quinn: What do you mean?

>Daria: We made a bet. She said you'd become bulimic; I said anorexic.

>Quinn: That's not funny.

>Daria: You're skipping meals. That makes you anorexic.

>Quinn: I'm trying to lose weight!

>Daria: You're thin enough as it is. If anything, you should try to gain weight. I'm sorry if the simple fact that you're not too big -- but your clothes are too small -- is unable to enter your mind.

>Quinn: Like you'd know anything about clothes.

>Daria: Hey it's your problem, not mine. Some kids become invalids or even die from being anorexic. But I guess mom will find out in time and put you in a hospital for, like, months. I'll finally be an only child again, and I can have your laptop while you're gone.

>Quinn: (Stares at Daria) You're using reverse psychology.

>Daria: Don't be ridiculous.

>Quinn: You're worried about me.

>Daria: You're ridiculous.

>Quinn: You're actually worried about me.

>Daria: Stop being ridiculous. (Quinn continues to stare at her caring sister) Stop it I said.

>Quinn: Are you going to tell mom?

>Daria: I hope I won't have to. I'm thinking of getting a midnight snack. You want some?

>Quinn: Okay.

>
(Later that night. Jake walks down the stairs)

>
Jake: (Voiceover) Why did she have to hit me in her sleep? I wish I knew in advance when she had nightmares. Oh well, good time for a snack. (enters the living room) Who turned on the TV?

>
(The TV is showing the TV-Shop. It's trying to sell a belt that will make you thinner by wearing it (2). Jake turns it off. He sees Quinn and Daria who have fallen asleep side by side on the couch)

>
Jake: (Voiceover) How cute! I should get my camcorder. (Sees it) There it is. How convenient.

>

>(Morning. Quinn wakes up)

>Quinn: (Voiceover) Oh no! I slept on my face! (sits up) Oh no! I

slept on the couch! (sees Daria) Oh no, oh no, oh no! I slept next to Daria!! (gets up and runs up the stairs, waking Daria in the process)

>Daria: (Voiceover) Oh me oh my I slept on the couch with Quinn. Good thing mom and dad didn't see this. They'd talk about it for a month. (notices that the camcorder is missing) Quinn must have taken it.

>
(At school. The Fashion Club is having lunch -- being diet coke. Stacy keeps looking at the other student's food)

>
Tiffany: I'm not sure that gum works. I ate it all but I haven't gotten any thinner.

>
Quinn: But, Tiffany, you weren't supposed to... Oh, never mind.

>
Stacy: I don't think the gum works either. I'm hungry. Can't we have just a little food?

>
Sandi: No, Stacy, we're on a diet. And the gum works **fine**. I also stopped eating breakfast.

>
Quinn: You know, Sandi, I've been thinking. Maybe we don't really need to be on a diet. I mean **you** wanting to lose weight is no reason why the rest of us should be on a diet.

>
Sandi: I believe we took a **vote** on whether we should **go** on a diet. And as I recall you **voted** yes.

>
Quinn: Well I changed my mind. Stacy, Tiffany how about it?

>
Tiffany: (Clueless as ever) But I look fat.

>
Quinn: You do not. Oh, never mind. Stacy?

>
Stacy: (Looks at Sandi who gives her a stern look) Sorry, Quinn.

>

>(After School. The Fashion Club is standing outside Lawndale High)

>Sandi: Let's go shopping at Cashmans.

>Quinn: (Voiceover) Why yes, let's go to Cashmans, and while we're at it you can tell us more about the wonders of being on a **diet**! (outloud) Sorry but I'll pass. My mom asked me to come straight home.

>Sandi: That's too bad, **Quinn**. Guess we'll see each other again tomorrow then. Stacy, Tiffany let's go.

>Stacy: Can we stop at the nut stand? I mean some nuts couldn't hurt could they?

>Sandi: No, Stacy, we're on a **diet**.

>(Sandi, Stacy and Tiffany leaves)

>Quinn: (Voiceover) Damn you, Sandi. Why'd you have to drag Stacy into this?

>Flashback: Sandi: I believe we took a **vote** on whether we should **go** on a diet. And as I recall you **voted** yes.

>Quinn: (Voiceover) Why did **I** have to drag Stacy into this?

>
(Later that day at Pizza Palace. Quinn is sitting alone at a table. Tom, Jane and Daria walk in, they sit at a table, order and receive a pizza)

>
Jane: What's Quinn doing here and more importantly, by herself?

>
Daria: Personal problems, I hope ... I mean ... I think, she'll manage to sort them out.

>
Tom: You mind paying, Daria? I'm a little low on cash these days.

>
Daria: Sure. What's up?

>
Tom: I got pulled over for speeding.

>
Daria: With your car?

>
Jane: Incredible isn't it?

>
Tom: Stupid cop. Told me he knew exactly how fast I was going.

>
Daria: But then he couldn't have known where you were.

>
(Tom laughs hard. Almost choking on his pizza)

>
Jane: What?

>
Tom: Daria, you're the best. Sorry, Jane, I mean second best.

>
Daria: (Blushes slightly) In quantum mechanics if you know the velocity of an elementary particle, you don't know anything about it's position and vice versa.

>
Tom: Do you know how a quantum physicist catches a lion?

>
Daria: No I haven't heard that one.

>
Jane: I'm starting to feel a bit left out here.

>
Tom: Sorry. I guess I can tell a different one.

>
Jane: Nah, that's okay. I think I'll go torment Quinn. You two have fun with your particles.

>
(Jane walks over to Quinn's table)

>
Jane: Mind if I sit here?

>
Quinn: (Looks around) I don't think there are any popular people in here besides me. So I guess it's okay. But in case some popular people come in here...

>
Jane: I'll pretend not to know you.

>
Quinn: Thanks. Why did you leave Daria and that cute guy?

>
Jane: It's my boyfriend, Tom. He's as smart as Daria.

>
Quinn: As smart as Daria? That's impossible.

>
Jane: Or almost as smart. Anyhow, when the two of them talk, often I have no idea what they're saying.

>
Quinn: Feeling left out? Whew. I thought Daria sent you over here to make sure I was eating my pizza.

>
Jane: You lost me.

>
Quinn: You mean she hasn't told you?

>
Jane: Lots of stuff but you and pizza aren't among them.

>
Quinn: Sandi decided that the Fashion Club should go on a diet.

>
Jane: You? Diet? Are you trying to kill yourself or what?

>
Quinn: Hey, if I was on a diet, I wouldn't be here.

>
Jane: Sorry. I just never figured that you'd someday feel left out. How about starting a conspiracy. Get the other two to come here and eat pizza behind Sandi's back.

>
Quinn: Tiffany doesn't know how to make a diet work. For once her stupidity works to her advantage.

>
Jane: And the other...? Stacy, isn't it?

>
Quinn: I don't think I can get her to go against Sandi.

>
Jane: And it's so much easier just to let her starve, huh.

>
Quinn: THAT'S NOT FUNNY!!

>
(Everyone turns to look at Quinn. Quinn runs out, Jane walks back to her own table)

>
Daria: Sounds like you succeeded in tormenting her.

>
Jane: I wasn't even trying. What's wrong with her?

>
Daria: I think she's experiencing her first ethical problem.

>

>(Next day. A group of students, among them the Fashion Club, is having gym)

>Ms. Morris: And now I want all of you to run back and forth 10 times.

>Stacy: Oh, no.

>Quinn: Damn tyrant.

>Tiffany: I hate running. I look fat when I run.

>Quinn: You do not... Oh, never mind.

>Sandi: Come on you guys. We need the exercise. (runs off)

>Stacy: I'm not sure I can do this.

>Quinn: Take my hand.

>(They run back and forth. After seven rounds Sandi faints. Quinn, Tiffany and Stacy gather around her)

>Stacy: (Shakes Sandi) Oh no, Sandi's dead.

>Quinn: She's not dead. She fainted.

>Tiffany: She looks dead.

>Quinn: Look, put your hands on her chest. I tell you her heart is still beating.

>(They put their hands on Sandi's chest)

>Sandi: (Comes around) What are *you* doing.

>Stacy: (Happy) You're not dead!

>Sandi: And your point is?

>Quinn: You fainted.

>Sandi: I did not. That's crazy.

>Ms. Morris: (Walks over to them) Having a nap, girls?

>Sandi: I stumbled.

>Ms. Morris: Then maybe you should practice running. You run back and forth 20 times. You got that?

>Sandi: Yes, *Mr.* Morris.

>Ms. Morris: (Bites her lip) Make that 30 times. And you get to stay here afterwards.

>
(The showers)

>
Stacy: I've never seen Sandi like this before.

>
Quinn: You mean aggressive?

>
Stacy: Not this aggressive. I mean telling Ms. Morris off like that. Even when she knew she'd get punished. I'm glad it's not me running out there. I think I would faint too.

>
Quinn: What're you talking about? I know you're hungry because you didn't eat lunch. But that's hardly enough to make you faint.

(pause) Stacy, please don't tell me you stopped eating breakfast.

>
Stacy: But Sandi doesn't eat breakfast.

>
Quinn: That does it. This madness stops now.

>
Stacy: What madness? Not fashion?

>
Quinn: Fashion is not madness but herd mentality, and we're the lead animals. I mean the other madness.

>

>(Pizza Palace. Quinn walks in dragging Stacy after her. They sit at a table, order and receive a pizza)

>Quinn: Eat.

>Stacy: (Hesitant) But our diet...

>Quinn: Canceled. Now eat and don't make me pull rank on you.

>Stacy: But Sandi...

>Quinn: Isn't here.

>Stacy: (Looks at the pizza) Are you sure it's okay?

>Quinn: Stacy, trust me. Please. (takes a slice)

>
(Later. The pizza is gone some crust is all that's left)

>
Quinn: Feeling better?
>
Stacy: Yeah. Do you think we could do this more often? I mean come here after school and eat pizza?
>
Quinn: We can do it as long as Sandi's on a diet. (lowers her voice) Which shouldn't be for much longer.
>
Stacy: What do you mean?
>
Quinn: Uhm, nothing I was just thinking out loud.
>
Stacy: You think something is going to happen to Sandi don't you?
>
Quinn: What I mean is, that what she's doing, skipping meals and all, is dangerous. But I suppose Linda will figure out what's going on and put her in a hospital. (voiceover) Maybe this isn't such a bad thing. The Fashion Club could fall into my hands. I could make Stacy vice president and look for Sandi's replacement.
>
(Quinn daydreams. She is standing in the hallway of Lawndale High surrounded by girls)
>
Girl1: Take me, Quinn.
>
Girl2: No, take me.
>
Girl3: No, me.
>
Brooke: Me.
>
Quinn: In your dreams, Brooke. You look like a tramp.

>
(The daydream ends)
>
Stacy: And if she doesn't? I mean if Sandi just keeps on starving herself?
>
Quinn: Uhm. I don't know.
>
Stacy: Do you think she'll... (whispers) die?
>
Quinn: Maybe.
>
(Stacy starts crying)
>
Quinn: Stop it, will you? This is Sandi we're talking about.

>
Stacy: I don't want her to die. How can you be so coldhearted?

>
Quinn: Me? Oh boy. Sometimes I wish I was more like my sis... cousin.
>
Stacy: The brain? (stops crying)
>
Quinn: She never has problems like this. She knows everything about ethics and morals and stuff. I bet she'd know just what to do.

>
Stacy: Must be all those books she reads. They tell her what to do.

>

>(Later that day in Daria's room. Quinn walks in)

>Quinn: (Voiceover) Let's see. Daria is at Jane's. Now's my chance to see if she really has a book about solving moral conflicts. (walks over to Daria's bookshelf and starts reading the covers) What's this -- "How to kill Quinn in 117 different ways"? (nervously, she takes the book off the shelf and flips through it, noticing all its pages are blank except the first page which reads "Got you, mom -- now stop spying on me") Oh boy, for a moment there... No, she wouldn't do that. (looks at the next book) Let's see, what's this? "The Gay Science" by Nietzsche. Daria sure has some weird books. (opens the book at a random place)

>173 *Being deep and seeming deep.*

>Those who know that they are deep strive for clarity. Those who would like to seem deep to the crowd strive for obscurity. For the crowd believes that if it cannot see to the bottom of something it must be deep. It is so timid and dislikes going into the water.

>Quinn: (Voiceover) It certainly sounds deep but what has it got to do with swimming?

>(Daria comes in. She looks at Quinn for a moment then she lies on her bed and hides her head under her pillow)

>Quinn: Daria? I thought you were at Jane's.

>Daria: You're not really here. You're an illusion. My Quinn doesn't read Nietzsche. As for Jane -- her boyfriend Tom came over. When they started kissing, I started leaving.

>Quinn: Feeling left out?

>Daria: (Voiceover) Damn it, why'd I say that? Exposing myself like that. Now she's probably thinking about what poisonous commentary to make.

>Quinn: I know how that feels. (Concerned) Look, I need your advice on something.

>Daria: (Takes her head out from under the pillow) Come here and sit down.

>(Quinn sits down on Daria's bed)

>Daria: (Touches Quinn) So you are real. Just making sure. What is it?

>Quinn: Suppose someone you know is in trouble. But you don't like her. Should you help her?

>Daria: Are you talking about me?

>Quinn: But, Daria, I do... Uhm.

>Daria: Like me?

>Quinn: No, I don't like your clothes. But I'm not talking about you.

>Daria: Sandi then.

>Quinn: How did you know that?

>Daria: The looks the two of you exchange could set things on fire. Eating disorder?

>Quinn: She doesn't eat breakfast or lunch anymore. At gym today she passed out. Ms. Morris didn't notice and she came to by herself. What should I do?

>Daria: I can't give you answers you already have.

>Quinn: Look, if you don't want to help me then just say so.

>Daria: (Sighs) Quinn, the question you have to ask yourself is this: could you live with yourself if something happens to Sandi? Knowing you could have prevented it?

>Quinn: (Thinks on this) Oh.

>Daria: Since you're here, I take it you can't. It's called having a conscience. I know it's scary, I've tried it myself. Don't give up hope. Someday, modern medicine will find a way to remove it.

>Quinn: Thanks, Daria.

>Daria: You're welcome. But no hug.

>Quinn: Got it.

>Daria: So... will you tell Linda?

>Quinn: Nah. I'll use reverse psychology on her, like you did on me.

>Daria: I told you before not to be ridiculous.

>
(Next day at Lawndale High. Quinn and Stacy are standing at Quinn's locker looking into it. Further down Sandi approaches them)

>
Stacy: (Peaks out) Here she comes.
>
Quinn: Don't let her know you've seen her. Now do you remember your lines?
>
Stacy: Yes.
>
Quinn: Okay, as soon as she comes within hearing range.

>
(Sandi comes within hearing range)
>
Stacy: Your new earrings are *so* cute. It's no wonder you're vice president.
>
Quinn: No you are. I'm the president. Or will be soon.

>
(Sandi stops and listen)
>
Stacy: What do you mean?
>
Quinn: I talked to my brainy cousin who, like, knows everything. I told her of Sandi's eating disorder, and she thinks it's just a matter of time before she collapses again like in gym. Only this time for real. Linda will put her in a hospital for at least a month and by the time she gets out the Fashion Club will be mine.
>
Stacy: Shouldn't we try to help her?
>
Quinn: How? Tell her she's killing herself? She'll never believe us even if we did. No, the only thing to do is to be there to pick up the pieces. You got that, *vice president*?
>
Stacy: Got it, *president*.
>
(Sandi turns and runs away)
>
Stacy: Did it work?
>
Quinn: We'll know at lunch.
>

>(Later. The Fashion Club is having lunch. Sandi's tray is full and she is eating like a pig)

>Quinn: Is something wrong, Sandi?

>Sandi: (With her mouth full) I've discovered that the really thin look is out. Now it's okay to have a little shape. You got that *VICE* president.

>Quinn: Uhm, okay.

>Tiffany: So does that mean you are not eating gum anymore?

>(Sandi, Quinn and Stacy looks at her)

>Tiffany: What?

>
(That evening. Helen and Jake are in the living room. Jake is standing at the VCR. Quinn and Daria come down)
>
Daria: What's so important that I had to stop counting the cracks in my ceiling for it?
>
Quinn: Yeah, this better be good.
>
Jake: You remember when you two fell asleep on the couch the other night? You looked so cute.
>
Quinn: Don't talk about it. I slept on my face. I spent 30 minutes putting on makeup the next morning.
>
Daria: I couldn't have been there. I was wearing my anti-cute deodorant. (pause) Wait a minute -- you know about that?
>
Jake: I woke up that night because Helen hit me in the face in her sleep.
>
Helen: Don't tell them that.
>
Jake: I came down to get a snack, and then I saw you two asleep on the couch. I simply had to get it on video.
>
(Daria and Quinn turn pale)
>
Quinn: (To Daria) Are you thinking what I'm thinking?

>
Daria: (To Quinn) I am, and it scares me. Let's not panic. Maybe dad erased our stuff.
>
Quinn: (To Daria) You think so?
>
Daria: (To Quinn) No.
>
Jake: There we are. I can't wait to see this again. You looked like such little angels!
>
Daria: (To Quinn) Hells angels is more like it.
>
(Cut to the TV. It shows Daria outside Helen and Jake's bedroom)

>
TV Daria: You're shaking the camcorder. Can't you hold it still?

>
TV Quinn: Sorry.

>
TV Daria: Ahem. This is Daria Morgendorffer reporting to you live from the 5th Circle of Hell. Today we will take a look at some of its inhabitants.

>
(Daria walks into the bedroom. The camcorders POW follows her)

>
TV Daria: The inhabitants are asleep now. At the left we see a Jakus Consultus. Zoom dammit zoom.

>
TV Quinn: I am, I am.

>
(The camcorders POW zooms in on Jake)

>
TV: This specimen can't cook. And its food gives other people nightmares. But it is in itself immune. On the right... Point the camcorder at mom.

>
(The camcorders POW zooms in on Helen, she tossing and turning)

>
TV Quinn: Got it.

>
TV Daria: On the right is a Helus Litigatus. This specimen not only thinks about litigation all the time, it also *dreams* about it.

>
TV Helen: (In her sleep) No, stay away. Give me back my phone.

>
TV Quinn: Boy, mom sure looks like an idiot.

>
TV Daria: For once we're of one mind.

>
TV Quinn: (Snicker) If they ever see this, they'll kill us.

>
TV Daria: After they torture us you mean. I hate to say it but at times like this life is good.

>
TV Quinn: That's a wrap.

>
TV Daria: But a wrap skirt... Damn.

>
(The TV cuts to pictures of Quinn and Daria asleep on the couch)

>
(Cut to the living room. Helen and Jake are staring at the TV with open mouths. Quinn grabs hold of Daria's arm)

>
Quinn: (To Daria, scared) What's going to happen to us now?

>
Daria: (To Quinn) I believe we already discussed that subject.

>
(Helen and Jake turn to look at them)

>
Daria: You know -- one could argue that what we did is no different from what you did. And that therefore the two wrongs cancel each other out...

>
Helen: (Fake friendly voice) Why don't you girls come sit on the couch with us?

>
Jake: (Fake smile) Yes, come sit on the couch.

>
Daria: ...Or maybe not.

>
Quinn: I sort of... uhm... have a date. (runs off)

>
Daria: I think the library is still open. (runs off in different direction)

>
Helen: I'll hunt for Quinn. You go after Daria.

>
Jake: Got it, dear.

>

>THE END

>1) I'm not making it up. This scam is for real.

>2) Same here.

> <p><p>

End

file.